Can't be a fox without the long ears [English]

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Take me to your people, and I will make them shine.

The paper bag is empty. She calmly folds it in half a couple of times and walks to the nearest trash can to dispose of it. She's educated, of course, not just some wild fox, despite what her hair could say of her.

"Alright, Mattier. I listened to some good info while I was preparing everything for the Stompers' song. Apparently, the guy ruling on the Winders' side is just a kid. They said his grandpa, the previous leader, disappeared a couple of years ago and now he's in charge of everything. Just a kid! Do you realize? It's going to be so damn easy! We've got this in the bag, little birdy."

"Chirp."

"Yes, I agree. But we can still formulate a plan out of this info. Look, if everything goes as planned, you're inviting me to a nice dinner, alright?".

"Chirp...".

How does she expect the bird to get enough money?

"Alright, we are already in Winders' territory. Things look better around here, don't they? It's at least less obscure, and there are even ambulant vendors everywhere".

"Chirp?".

"Yeah, same thing".

The pair walks calmly through the pedestrian street. It is truly peaceful around the Winters' side. One wouldn't really think an actual cold war was ongoing if one didn't directly ask someone. Because when the fox did...

"I WOULD DESTROY THOSE SAVAGES WITH MY OWN HANDS!"

"KILL! MURDER! OBLITERATION!"

"I AM GOING TO STEAL STUFF FROM THEIR HOUSES!"

"R-right..."

The whole street roars in anger. Some of them even grab what they are selling and they throw it to the ground! There's only rage where the eye can see!

"L-let's leave, Mattier..."

They rightfully took a different street, bought an ice cream cone for each one and decided to wander for a bit. Yes, she's holding both cones while the bird simply pecks on the ice cream.

"Man... I was expecting some kind of reaction, but that animosity... Now I get it's definitely a sensible topic, so we need to approach cautiously and ask for their leader."

"Chirp."

"Yes, but finding someone who looks important is more... important."

Just as she says so, a little argument can be heard finishing some meters ahead of them. An old lady cusses a tough, muscular, big man and then turns around, stomping on the ground as she goes. The big man simply sighs tired and rests his back on the wall.

"Should have expected so..."

"Hey, bulky fella."

That's the fox entrance.

"Hm? Was that for me?"

"Yes it was! Greetings, dog. My name is Laeyd, and this little guy here is Mattier."

"Huh..."

The stacked man with the bulldog ears looks slightly confused, and just follows along.

"Who are you?"

"They call me Pitbull."

But those ears are not-

"Pitbull, okay! You look strong, Pitbull."

"W-well, yes. I am; the higher your rank, the more you should take care of your body."

'Bingo' thinks the fox. If he talks about rank, he must surely be part of Winders' forces. She, not discretely at all, looks up and down at him and smiles brightly.

"You're a Winder, right? Hey, hey, I have something to talk with your leader!"

"Huh... are you an outsider? Yeah, I've never seen you before."

"Yes, I am just a simple traveler."

"The boss is not really making any audiences right now..."

"Oh he can surely make an exception this time, right~?"

"I don't think so, he's quite stubborn."

"Oh I know he will, let's go let's go!"

"No, I won-"

"Heard that, Mattier? Big Dog is taking us to his boss."

"I-"

"And it's all because he wouldn't tell no to a fine lady like myself! Ri~ght~?"

"..."

"..."

"... agh, fine."

He doesn't look so convinced, but the dog awkwardly accepts and guides the fox. They walked for another fifteen minutes until they found themselves in front of a large corporate building.

"Uh... doesn't this stands out a bit too much here? I mean the rest of the town is quite rustic; this looks straight out of a big city."

"The old boss was a businessman. He said he felt at home in a place like this."

"That's the guy who disappeared, right?"

"Yes, no one has seen the boss in years."

"Huh..."

"It is a sad story. The old boss once told us his father also vanished when he was just a kid. To think the same would happen to him and his grandson..."

"Is it really okay to rely on a kid as your new boss?"

"The old boss told us this kid was going to come before he left, so we all trust the kid. He's a bit inmature, but he's a good boss."

"It all sounds so obscure..."

"Yes, I think it does. But it's what we have."

The dog presents something like a magnetic card in front of the glass door and it slides open.

"This is the most technological place of the town."

"I can see."

The fox and the sparrow kind of ignore the insides of the building, it is not that interesting to see just a regular business building. They are guided to an elevator, but the dog doesn't get in with them.

"Hm? What's wrong?"

"I don't fit into the elevator."

"O-oh, rigtht."

"Yes, it is a bit of a pain, but there's nothing I can do. Anyway, you go to the 9th floor."

"You're gonna walk all the way up there?"

"No... t-the boss said he doesn't want me in his office, because I'm too big and I tend to stumble around and there are many fragile decorations and..."

Both our protagonists look slightly saddened at the dog as he smiles awkwardly and waves them off.

"I'll see you later, I'll be waiting down here."

"Y-yeah..."

And the elevator goes up.

"... such a loyal Pitbull, eh...?"

"Chirp."

"Yeah, that doesn't change the fact that he's dumb enough to let into his boss's office someone he has never seen before. He didn't even check if I had any weapons. Man, dogs are stupid..."

"Chirp... chirp?"

"Nah, only dogs. Never seen a wolf being this stupid."

"Chirp?"

"Cats? Cats..."

The foxy girl stares voidly into the elevator closed doors as she lays her back on the wall, thinking, or maybe recalling. She lets out a disguised sigh and raises her hand to the bird, and so she rubs his head with a finger.

"Cats are fine. I like cats."

The doors open, and then there's a clean hallway in front of them.

"Huh... I mean, these are the looks of

any common city, but it really calls for attention in this kinda town..."

Those are her words when she reaches the end of the hallway and finds some cozy office. It's tidy, properly arranged and there's even a computer in the corner. The walls are of a pure white, and the floor is gray.

"There's really a kid ruling half of the town from this place...?"

"Chirp."

There's nobody to be seen around by the other side of the desk in front of her, but there are footsteps coming from the other side of one of the two doors by the sides of the room so, as if she was in her own house, she drops her backpack on a couch and sighs.

"I suppose we should just wait..."

And right when she grabs her hat with

both hands and takes it off her head, one of the door opens. She turns to see, eye slightly open and the hat on her chest.

"Oh, that must be it."

There's a kid standing at the door. Golden eyes, short, black hair correctly combed to the right, a red tie over his white shirt... and a very faintly dumbfounded look. He stares at the fox. He hasn't even noticed the sparrow on her shoulder yet.

"So..."

She speaks first, tilting her head at the kid's confused gaze.

"Are you the Winders' boss?"

A slow nod comes as a response, and the fox pouts a bit.

"Hm? Can't you talk?"

"A-ah, yes. I can. I am Merid, the boss of this side of the town."

"Oh, you talk so politely, truly a tiny gentleman!"

Laeyd is always so carefree, and so she smiles brightly at the little guy.

"You're not as much as a kid as I expected. In fact, I don't even think we're that far from each other. How old are you?"

"Shouldn't... we exchange names before ages?"

"Oh, who really cares? I'm seventeen."

"I'm fourteen."

"Chirp..."

"Yeah, so young. It must be rough being leader at such young age."

"S-somewhat... A-anyway! Who even are you? I told Pit I didn't want anyone bothering me today. I have stuff to do

and-"

"And?"

"A-and..."

She skips to him until they are barely a meter away, with her head still slightly tilted and the bird standing a top of her head.

"I'm sure you have a couple of minutes to listen to a girl with a plan and good intentions, right?"

The boy blushes deeply. Not only he's not used to people being so close to him, but talking to him like that... and, to worsen things, it's actually a girl! A girl slightly older than him, but only a bit taller, she's blonde, the bandages on her face are strange, but she has a cute tail. And he doesn't reply, he simply stares intently into her eyes as if trying to find the right words to reject her without making her hate him.

"... right?"

Says the fox.

"... y-yeah, I guess have some spare time..."

No, boy. Don't. Do not fall for her. Get out of there, wonderboy. That woman means trouble.

"Good!"

But the innocent boy is too weak against such a cute smile. And so, seconds after, they are sitting in front of each other on the couches, a tiny table separating them with two cups of coffee HE had to make for them.

"So, first things first. My name is Laeyd, and this ball of feathers here is Mattier."

"Chirp."

"We are mere travelers looking for

interesting stuff to see. Yet we cannot ignore this town's situation."

"Chirp, chirp..."

"Well... as I told you, I am Merid. I am the Winders' boss, and the legitimate ruler of the town."

"Not so very legitimate when half of the town preffers a rat over you."

"Th-that is just because those Stompers are savages! Have you been there? They are ugly and uncivilized!"

"I... don't think they are that bad. They did treat me nicely after untying me! Plus, just because you're a pretty boy doesn't mean you can go calling them ugly, that's not good."

"P-pretty-"

"Chirp, chirp."

"Yeah, yeah. Instead of going on speaking ill about them, why don't you listen to what we have to say?"

"It will depend on how serious you are about whatever you are here to talk about."

"Rest easy, young lad. We are here to

solve your problems! So, we have been here only for a couple of days, we are resting at an old lady's place. And today morning we were awaken by a horrible, indescribable noise! No, it was a mix of hundreds of noises. A mix of hundreds of instruments being mistreated without a real purpose!"

"..."

"And then we found the truth, those who were sucking so terribly... were the Winders!"

"...!!"

"Yes! The Stompers' side was mildly but noticeably better, I'm afraid..."

"Ugh..."

Yes.

The fox is orchestrating exactly what you think she is. She has also already realized the little man's weaknesses, and she will exploit them all to her own benefit. She is just about to manipulate his whole forces by taking advantage of the boy's

innocence. You will not stop me anymore from saying the fox is just straight evil.

"B-but, wait a minute! How are you so sure the Winders were the terrible ones? They were all playing at the same time!"

"Youngling..."

She is just three years older.

"Trained ears like mine can easily discerne where each noise is coming from. Plus, have you never heard how foxes have a better developed hearing than humans?"

"..."

The kid cocks an eyebrow, tilts his head a bit as to peek at the side of her head... yeah, kid, there are no long ears there.

"Right..."

"Right! So just keep that tiny mouth shut and let me tell you my plan!"

"Wait."

"Daaah! What now?"

"Chirp."

"Why do you want to help us? We haven't asked for your help, and we don't have anything a traveler could find useful to give you as payment, except maybe money."

"Oh, don't you worry about that. I have more than enough money to live. But... hm... I won't lie and say I'm doing this out of being a pure, good-hearted fox..."

She takes her tail to her lap and starts patting her. That soft, comfy looking tail also serves as pillow for the sparrow, who jumps down from her head and sits on the tail, still staring deeply at the boss.

"I was expecting to get some info. You know, we are just aimless wanderers coming from the north, and we have no idea what to expect south from here. So, if you were kind enough..."

When did the fox's voice get so soft? Why is she smiling like that as she tilts her head? Why is she closing an eye?!

Why is Merid falling for such a charmless, mischevious fox?!

"I-I see. S-so all you want is information... yes, I think we can share that..."

Grin.

While the boss struggles to remain calm and collected in front of a guest, the fox just grins. If he was able to, the sparrow would be grinning too.

"Oh but we can discuss about that later! Now let me cut straight to the point."

"Ah, yes. Please do."

"You see, this fox right here is an EXPERT in all kinds of music."

That's exaggerating quite a bit.

"And I can't let this insult to good music keep happening. So, I'm going to intervene, and teach your boys a thing or two about how to properly read a music sheet. I could see they know the basics of how to play their instruments, so that's not the main issue here. Aaaaand the best part is, I have already prepared a melody in advance!"

And she takes out that folded paper she wrote back at the Stompers' base.

"I just need a couple of hours and your boys will hold the best concert this magnificent town has ever heard!"

"Hm... it sounds..."

Doubtful, he looks around, as if hoping the multiple pictures on the walls tell him what to do. He scratches his chin, he closes his eyes, he opens them again and gazes towards the desk... and then he nods, staring back into the fox's eye.

"Alright, I'll leave it to you."

"Really?!"

She jumps from her seat and over the table, kneeling in front of him as she grabs her hands and the bird flies atop of her head again.

"You will not regret this decision!"

The boy just stares back into her eyes in voidly awe... and then the blood rushes up to his face. But he doesn't panic, he simply gulps as if that was enough to shake off the red on his face and then nods, not able to say a word or move an inch more.

This was not a coincidence. This is not coincidence at all, the fox is devilishly laughing in her head, holding her stomach, knowing the boss is right in the palm of her hand.

She lets go of him and stands up bending her torso and patting her knees, getting her face dangerously close to his,

showing off that adorable smile - the only thing about her that's actually adorable.

"Well, now..."

A step aside, and a skillful turn on her feet just to make her not-so-long hair wave around as she faces him.

"Take me to your people, and I will make them shine."

Ah... strangely enough, such words came out in a more mature fashion, with a calm smile and a less smugly voice.

. . .

"Chirp. Chirp, chirp; chirp."

"Yes, that went smoothly. And I don't think you should worry, Mattier. That practice went just fine. Better than the one in the morning with the other guys. These learned way faster."

"Chirp..."

"Yes, they are ready."

"Chirp?"

"I know, but I will have everything ready for tomorrow."

"Chirp?!"

"Hm? Yes, tomorrow. Didn't you listen? I told the same to Tall, the concert will be held tomorrow, for both parties. Well, they won't see it as a concert precisely, but that's not important."

It's already night. The last orange-tainted sunrays are disappearing in the distance and the fox's boots stop making noise as she stands before the central plaza.

"So... I told them both they should stand by their respective sides of the plaza by tomorrow morning. I will stand... around there, right in the center. Huh... yeah, they are probably not going to take it lightly when they see each other face to face like

that, but... oh, let's just have faith."

"Seems like you have been busy."

A deer is standing behind her.

"Oh, Ryzudina."

"Chirp."

"Urdizina."

"I got a bit worried that you hadn't come back so I decided to go look for you, yet here you are the moment I step out."

"Haha~ sorry about that, took a bit longer than expected."

"What have you been doing today?"

"Well..."

Laeyd shrugs as she looks to a side and the bird on her shoulder does the same to the opposite side.

"Just trust me, things are going to get better starting tomrrow."

"Hm...?"

"Chirp."

"If you say so... just try not to get in trouble, alright? Now come inside, I'll make dinner."

"Yes ma'am!"

There she goes.

Look at her smiling childishly like an adorable little prankster as the door closes behind her. What a devil. What a fox.

I know what I said before, but I... yeah, I still might want to defend her... somehow. Oh but ignore me, just ignore me. Make your own assumptions. In the end, I'm nothing but a narrator.

June 10, 2022, 5:58 p.m. 1 comments

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OMG! This is true magic!!! 😍

Hey👋, and I haven't been using Inkspired that often lately so I haven't recognized that there is a new chapter🥲. It's the middle of the night, I can't fall a sleep and this is just what I needed🤗! This is sooooo awesome, amazing, brilliant, gorgeous, impressive, astonishing, astounding, surprising, bewildering, stunning, staggering, shocking, stupefying, breathtaking, funny, simple and still perplexing, confounding, disconcerting, shattering, awe-inspiring, sensational, remarkable, spectacular, stupendous, phenomenal, prodigious, extraordinary, incredible, unbelievable, wonderful, marvellous, thrilling, exciting, mind-blowing, flabbergasting, wondrous💝... I could go on like this forever😫😫. This is the best book I've ever read❤❤❤❤❤. I literally am dying to find out what's happening 😭 !!!!!
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Thank you do much for putting such a wonderful piece of Art in this world!💕

PS: I really am in love with this book😂😅

Fatima 🙈

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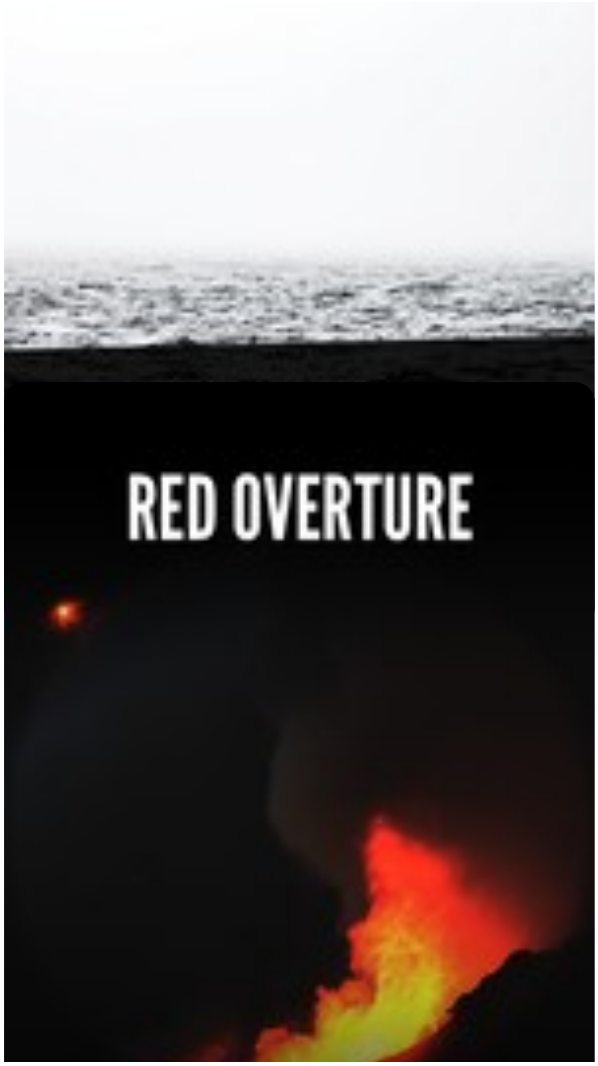

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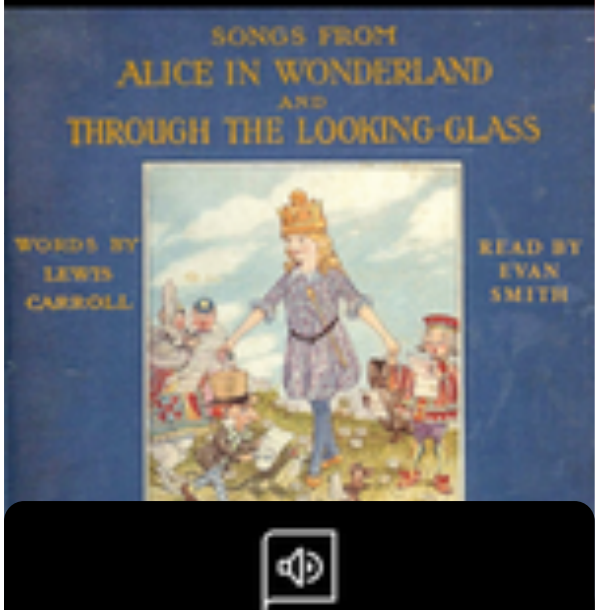
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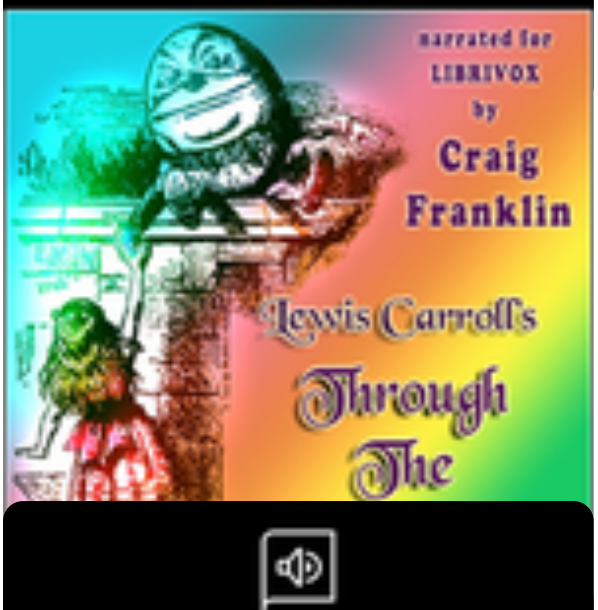
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